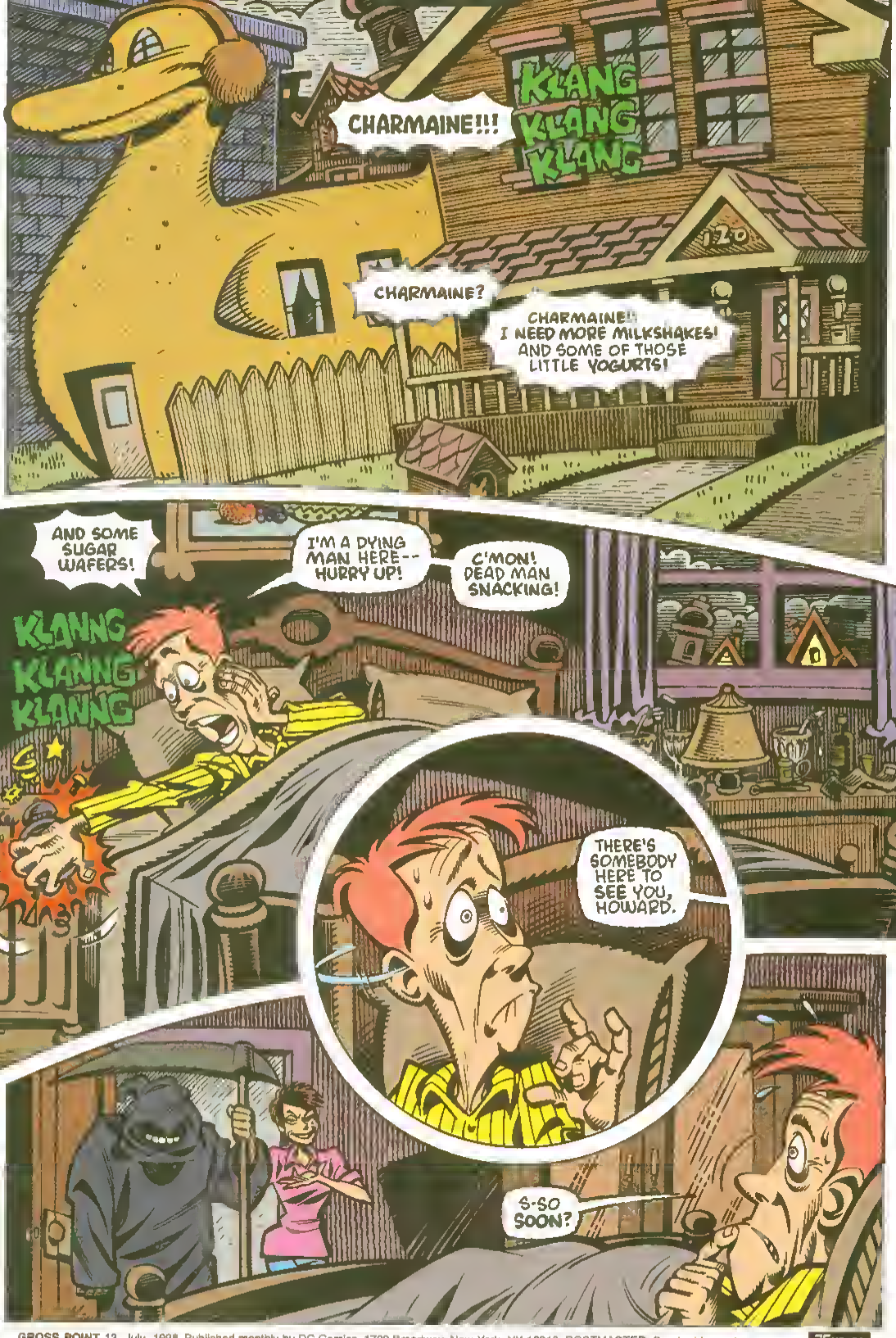

LUCKY 13TH ISSUE OF...
Gross Point
#13
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
JUN '98
THE MIRROR SHOP
GROSS POINT SALT QUARRY
DIRECT SALES
01311>



GROSS POINT 13 July, 1998. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GROSS POINT, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $30.00. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1998 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.

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IS CHECKING-UP TIME FOR TO BE LOOKING IN ON PATIENTS, NO?
NURSE TUYOO...? whew! I THOUGHT YOU WERE --
PTUI TUYOO
--UH-- I MEAN-- WHY ARE YOU CARRYING A SCYTHE?
IN MY COUNTRY, TAVAAL, IT IS THE STATUS SYMBOL, YES? FOR THE SWINGING OF BIG STICK! IS UPSCALE! IS HINCTY, NO? YES!
SO HE'S DYING OF THURMOND'S DISEASE...?
OH, THE MOSTEST FOR CERTAIN, YES!
IS SLOW, PAINFUL, TRAGIC DYING! DR. GOOBAI IS FOR RECOMMENDING OF ASSISTED SUICIDE, NO?
MISTER HOWARD PICKETT, PLEASE TO BLINKING NOW.
I--I... CAN'T!!
SEE? YES? IS MOST DEGENERATIVE, NO?
WHAT A PRETTY BROCHURE...!
DR. GOOBAI IS EVERY DAY AT BUSY WITH THE SEEING OF PATIENTS...
...BUT FOR YOU, YES! WE BOOK ASSISTED SUICIDE WITH SPECIAL QUICK!
BEFORE MISTER HOWARD PICKETT CAN BE DYING WITHOUT ASSISTMENT!


STEP LIVELY, LADEEES AND GENNNNELMEN! THE GROSS POINT MUSEUM OF NATTT-URAL HISSS-TORY WELCOMES YOU!
MVSEVM
HEAR! THE HISTORY OF OLD VIRGINNY, AS REMEMBERED BY GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON'S NURSEMAID!
SEE! LAMYDIA THE TATTOOED LAYYY-DEE AND HER DIORAMA OF CREATION!
ALAN THE PIG
TAG TEAM BOUT
EVERY DAY 2pm
THRILL! TO THE OSSIFIED REMAINS OF PRIMITIVE MAN! THE ONLY TRUE, SCIENTIFICALLY VERR-IF-IITIED CARDIFF GIANT!
The WILD MAN of DULUTH
ENJOY! THE MISST-IC WONN-DERR OF THE AGES, EGYPTIAN PHARAOH AHMEN-DA-TRUNKH IN THE MUMM-I-FIED FLESH! THE CARPOSI'S SAR-COPHAGUS EXHIBIT, IN THE BA-RANNNND-NEW EGYPTONOMY WING!
BRIAN, DOES THIS FIELD TRIP STRIKE YOU AS... ODD?
MERMAID SKELETON
YEAH, TERRI, IT DOES.
THIS COULD BE INTERESTING.
MVSEVM
EGYPTIAN FITS
LIVING HEALTH EXHIBIT
LAMYDIA
THE TATTOOED LADY
GENERAL TOM THUMB and THE CARDIFF GIANT
VS.
GENERAL WASHINGTON'S NURSE and OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD
MATT WAYNE ★ ROGER LANGRIDGE ★ IAN LAUGHLIN
WRITER ARTIST & LETTERER COLORIST
MIKE BRISBOIS ... ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARTIN PASKO ... EDITOR
JOE STATON & ROGER LANGRIDGE ... COVER ARTISTS
3


HEY...! EVERY SINGLE THING IS A FAKE!
THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS!
THE CARDIFF GIANT
WATCH YOUR STEP, KIDS!
CARPOSI'S SARCOPHAGUS EXHIBIT
SPEAKING OF FAKES, CAN YOU BELIEVE DAD? I'M PRETTY SURE HE ISN'T DYING!
PAPA?
TO THE EGRESS
THE CARDIFF GIANT
HE DOESN'T SHOW ANY OF THE SYMPTOMS OF
UH... YEAH. I THINK I'M IN LOVE!
HUNH?
THE CARDIFF GIANT


HAD THE EGYPTIANS DEVELOPED POWER TOOLS TO GO WITH THEIR GEOMETRY...
...THESE HERE COFFINS WOULD'VE BEEN PERFECTLY MITERED BOXES--MAYBE EVEN WITH SOME NICE ROUTED EDGES.
CARPOSI'S SARCOPHAGUS: The TREASURE of AHMEN-DA-TRUNKH
SKREEE
HEY, UH, GIL...? DID YOU JUST SEE AN INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL GO BY?
I EAT SHINY!
THANKS ANYWAY, UH... MAN.
FWAP


EXCUSE ME, SENSITIVITY-BOY, I WAS TALKING ABOUT OUR HYPOCHONDRIAC FATHER--
THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! I JUST SAW A GIRL!
NOW THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK...
IS SHINY?
YOU DON'T GET ANOTHER CRUSH YET, BRI. YOUR LAST BOTCHED ROMANCE ISN'T EVEN COLD--
ACTUALLY...
* PALPATE YOUR CHEATIN' HEART IF YOU MISSED LAST ISSUE! -- Marty
IS SHINY!
WHAT?
NEVER MIND.
DON'T YOU CARE A...UT YOUR FATHER?
I THINK HE'S THE BEST DAD I COULD HOPE FOR, REALLY.
I JUST REACT DIFFERENT THAN YOU DO TO A CRISIS.
HUNH?
OTHER PEOPLE AREN'T IMPORTANT TO ME.
GOT IT.


BRIAN PICKETT! LEND A HAND, SONNY!
BUT--
FIDDLE! NOBODY KEEPS SECRETS FROM A SCIENTIST!
YOU TEACH SHOP.
DON'T TOUCH THAT! IT'S CURSED!
I MEAN IT, SELFINGER! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO FOR A LIVING, OPENING THAT PUPPY'S ROTTEN LUCK!
THAT'S FELICE ALDAROUBS, THE SEER FOR SUCKERS! WHAT'S HER ANGLE?
I EAT SHINY!
THE SPIRIT OF AHMEN-DA-TRUNKH WREAKS HELL ON ANY WHO DOTH DISTURB HIS SLUMBER! IT'S BAD JUJU...
...AND FRANKLY, BUBIE, I DON'T THINK YOU CAN STAND THAT MUCH!
PIFFLE!
"PIFFLE? I'LL TELL YOU PIFFLE - 'PIFFLE' IS WHAT THAT ARCHAEOLOGIST VITTORIO CARPOSI, SAID!
PIFFLE!


"CARPOS! DIDN'T BELIEVE THE STORY, EITHER... TILL HE DUG OL' PHARAOH UP!"
PIFFLE!
"THE POOR SHMEGEGGE PAID THE USUAL PRICE FOR BEING THE FIRST TO UNEARTH A MUMMY."
"HE WAS BURIED WITH AHMEN-DA-TRUNKH, IN THE VERY CATACOMBS HE'D UNCOVERED!"
IF THE MUMMY WAS BURIED, HOW'D IT GET HERE?
YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH...!
THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS THING THAT CAN HURT ME. I WEAR PROTECTIVE GOGGLES.
CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED. THE USUAL PRICE OF WARNING IS TWENTY BUCKS.
VERY REASONABLE...


FRESH BLOOD OOZING OUT FROM THE MUMMY CASE...?
"SARCOPHAGUS."
SKANK.
DAMMIT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE MYSTICAL-WEIRD-GRUESOME- AND SUPERNATURAL THESE DAYS.*
C'MON. LET'S GO SEE DR. GOOBAI.
ASTRONOMY EXHIBIT
EPICYCLES
THE MUSIC of the SPHERES Explained!
* SEE ANY PREVIOUS ISSUE OF GP. INJECT AIR IF YOU HAVEN'T
Marty
THE "ASSISTED SUICIDE KING"? I'M NOT THAT UPSET!
NO, I WANT TO ASK HIM ABOUT DAD'S SYMPTOMS.
HAVE FUN.
SHE WENT TO THE RIGHT.
THANKS.


IT'S ABOUT TIME THE DARN THING OPENED!
KREEE-E-E-A-K
EVIL, EVIL GO AWAY! COME AGAIN SOME OTHER DAY! DEE-FENSE! DEE-FENSE!
EMPTY?!
I SAVED YOU! THAT'S ANOTHER TWENTY BUCKS!
HMPH. THIS ISN'T EDUCATIONAL, IT'S JUST SILLY!
MAYBE I SHOULD CHARGE BY THE DAY...
I PROMISED MY STUDENTS A MUMMY, YOU KNOW!
SHOW ME THE MUMMY, BOYCHIK!
IT'S ASTOUNNN-DING! A GEN-U-WINE EEE NIG-MA! SINCE LAST I CHECKED, THE MUMMY HAS VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
THIN AIR, MY EYE! WE'LL FOLLOW THIS TRAIL OF BLOOD!
STAUNCH
TUNIP
EVIL, EVIL, GO AWAY...


nok nok
SLUMBER PERMANENTE M.M.O.
"TAKING THE "AGE" OUT OF "COVERAGE" SINCE 1992
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRIMINALLY NEGLIGENT TO WORK HERE BUT IT HELPS
I AM FOR HELPING YOU, YES?
UM... ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
RECEPTION
IS ONLY YOU HERE! OOPS! -- PARDONING FOR MY ENGLISH-- IS ONLY BOTH YOU HERE!
...
UH... RIGHT. WELL. MY FATHER WAS DIAGNOSED WITH THURMOND'S DISEASE, BUT--
GEVALDT! THURMOND'S DISEASE, YES? IS SLOW, PAINFUL, TRAGIC DYING! DR. GOOBA! IS FOR RECOMMENDING OF ASSISTED SUICIDE, NO?
PLEASE AND LIE FOR THE TABLE?
FOR A HEALTH CARE PLACE, THIS LOOKS KIND OF, LIKE... UNSANITARY...!
MISTER YUK
DIE
DIE FASTER
HUNH? I DON'T HAVE THURMOND'S DISEASE, MY FATHER DOES!
AFTER PROCEDURE IS WHEN FOR TO DISCUSS, YES?
IS NOT PROBLEM! GOOBA! SUICIDE MACHINE IS KILLING GERMS, ALSO AT SAME TIME AS THURMOND'S DISEASE, NO? YES!


MEN'S
WOMEN'S
OTHER'S
SCUTTLE
Ceci n'est pas un éléphant
?!


EGYPTONOMY EXHIBIT STORAGE
WHUDD
HEY!--


OH!
MY!
GAHHHD!
YOU TRIED TO CATCH ME!
BYE-BYE!
THAT MAKES IT EASY TO CATCH YOU!
NOOOOOOOOO


HEY, DR. GOOBAI!
YOUNG MR. BARCUDI, NO...?
YEAH. LOOK... HERE'S A LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING FOR YOU.
I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR OFFING MY UNCLE.
NOW I'M GONNA MOVE UP AT S.I.C. AND TAKE HIS JOB! I'M THE ENVY OF THE MAILROOM!
WITH MONEY COMING IN THIS MUCHLY, LOTS OF OPENINGS WE MAKING, NO? IS ASSISTED ATTRITION! TELL YOUR FRIENDS, YES?
AND NOW, I MAKE THE ROUNDS! IS THANKING FOR PATRONAGE, YES?
IS THANKING FOR PATRONAGE, YES?
IS THANKING FOR PATRONAGE --
NGYAAAH!
WHAP
AIEEEEEEE!
DIE


WE'RE CLOSING IN!
BEHOLD, KIDS! A MUMMY!
WHOOPS.
DIE
DIE FASTER
GET UP, CUTIE! YOU'LL MISS EVERYTHING!
PSSH
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
YOU KNOW, FOR A MUMMY, YOU'RE KINDA FRESH...!

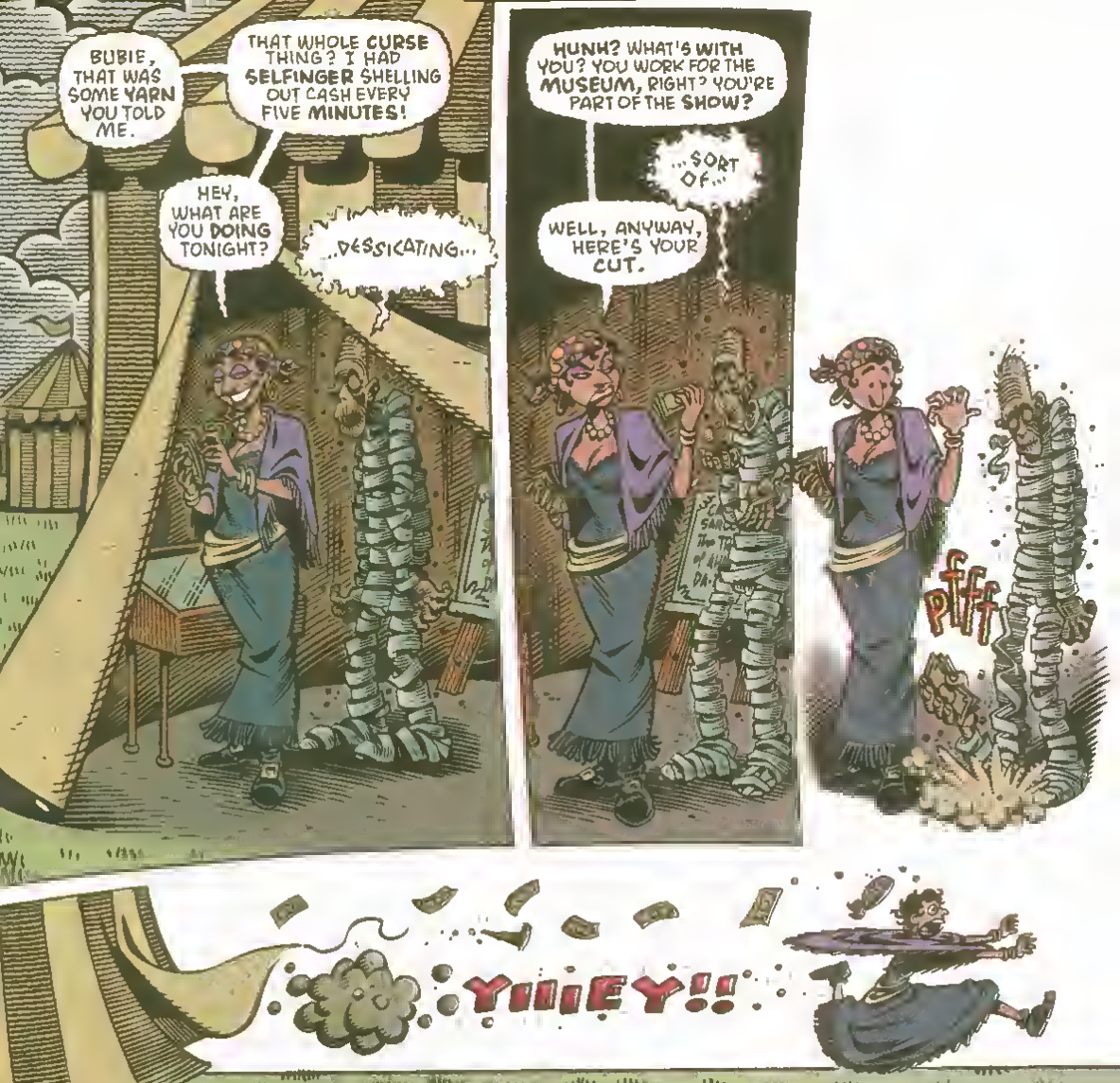

:sigh: SAD FOR YOU I AM BEING, MISS TERRI PICKETT. ALWAYS IT HURTS WHEN I LOSE A PATIENT, YES?
VERY FRESH, INDEED!
POKE
HOLD THE PHONE, SELFINGER! IT JUST HIT ME-- TH-THAT MUMMY'S MOVING!
WELL, THIS GOES BEYOND MERE SCIENCE! MAYBE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING PSYCHIC, DEARIE?
:gulp: I'LL TRY...
THE, UH... THE MUMMY FOLLOWED TERRI PICKETT HERE--
-- NOW I'M GETTING IT-- BECAUSE TERRI LOOKS JUST LIKE HIS LOST LOVE--
-- AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS!
YEAHRIGHT. THEN HOW COME THAT "MUMMY" IS REALLY BILLY-BOB THURMOND, GROSS POINT'S NONAGENARIAN IDIOT?
EHEH.
MY STORY WAS BETTER.


THERE IS YOU! ALL DAY BEEN I FOR YOU LOOKING!
OH, HE'S NOT AT ALL WELL! HE'S GOT CONVULSIONS, SWOLLEN TONGUE, ANEURYSMS...
YES! IS PICKETT'S DISEASE, NO?
ARE YOU SURE? THOSE ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF THURMOND'S DISEASE...!
BUT... IS POSSIBLE?
EHEH. AH LAK YEW, TOO.
NURSE TUYOO! I AM FOR ASKING THE QUESTION, YES?
YES, NO?
YES! NO? IS FOR THURMOND'S CHARTS YOU ARE BRINGING!
WHAT DISEASE IS, NO? IS PICKETT'S DISEASE? IS THURMOND'S DISEASE? IS WHAT?
A-HA!
IS NO DISEASE AT ALL!!!
LET'S GO OVER THIS AGAIN. HERE'S WHAT WE KNOW:


"SOMEBODY LURED AN IDIOT INTO A SARCOPHAGUS."
IT'S MY HOBBY. ONCE YOU'RE INSIDE, WITH NO AIR, YOU DON'T GOT AIR.
I LIKE HOBBIES!
ME, TOO! SO... THIS IS NUMBER WHAT?
THIS BOY'S NUMBER FOURTEEN!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!--
--AN' SINCE THEY'S SO MANY WITNESSES, BRIBERY WILL GET YUH NOWHERE!


HE DID IT! WASN'T ME!
BLABBERMOUTH!
THUMP THUMP
THERE MUST BE A DOZ-EN INDI-VID-U-AL SAR COPH-A-GUSES, EACH CONTAINING A GEN-U-WINE MURDER VICTIM!
NOW IF YOU'RE TIRED, DARLIN', YOU JEST REST YO' HEAD IN MAH LAP...
SHE-- UM, "IT"-- MUST HAVE WRAPPED BILLY-BOB THURMOND UP, AND HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED!
I GOT THAT VIBE.
THUMP THUMP THUMP
HELP
DR. GOOBA! THIS ONE SOUNDS ALIVE!
THUMP
THUMP THUMP
IF THAT IS BEING PROBLEM, HAVE NURSE TUYOO MAKING FOR THE APPOINTMENT, YES?
...I NEED [gasp] AIR...
BRIAN!! I GOT SOME GREAT NEWS--


THAT IS GREAT NEWS, TERRI! TELL ME AGAIN--
--ESPECIALLY THE PART WHERE YOU FIGURED OUT THAT HOWARD WASN'T SICK!
THAT CROSS-- uhm-- VISUALLY-IMPAIRED NURSE HAD MIXED UP THE RECORDS!
THURMOND HAD THURMOND'S DISEASE, AND PICKETT HAD NO DISEASE AT ALL!
SO DAD'S NOT GONNA DIE!
THANKS.
SO WE ALL WENT BACK TO THE MUSEUM TO CHECK ALL THE SARCOPHAGI FOR BODIES... AND I SAVED BRIAN'S LIFE!
...
I FEEL LIKE A GIRL DETECTIVE!
STOP IT. THOSE SARCOPHAGUS LIDS ARE TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO LIFT, LET ALONE A LITTLE OLD MAN.
SO WHO LET THURMOND OUT OF THE SARCOPHAGUS?





NEXT: WANNA KNOW WHERE THAT DOUBLE-ENDED DOG CAME FROM? WALK DOWN "The AISLE of DR. MOROSE" IN GROSS POINT #14 AND FIND OUT!

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